

Mr Dyse. All Souls.

T W O O D E S.



T W O
O D E S,

By Mr. W O D H U L L.

I. To Miss S A L L Y F O W L E R.

II. To the D R Y A D S.

O X F O R D,

Printed by W. JACKSON. MDCCLXIII.



O D E I.

To Miss Sally Fowler.

I.

WHEN first Aurora's gorgeous car
Ssprings from night's dreary vault releas'd,
And beauty's consecrated star
Retires behind the blushing east,
Can Titan's orient beams dispense
A more propitious influence
To animate th' exulting earth,
Than sheds bright Fancy o'er the mind,
When from care's grosser dregs refin'd,
It gives the fruits of Genius birth.

Not

II.

Not in the solitary gloom
By the dim taper's fickly ray
Sunk in the rust of Greece and Rome
Does Genius point the doubtful way,
While in abstracted thought the Sage
Revolves the stern Socratic page;
Or by the tedious rules of art
In melancholy search pursues,
Yet finds the gay, the bashful Muse
Unseen and unattain'd depart.

III.

Where Poesy erects her feat,
The myrtle's fragrant branches twine,
Beneath the Pleasures' nimble feet
Upstarts the new-born columbine;
Methinks I see the jocund band
Of Loves and Graces hand in hand

Their

Their artless symphony inspire;
The Muses catch the dulcet sound,
They waft the sportive echoes round,
And wake the sympathetic lyre;

IV.

The rose's aromatic bloom
Adorns their wild fantastic grove,
And o'er the violet's perfume
Angelic forms delighted rove;
Fair Sappho in Elysian bowers
Beguiles the gently stealing hours,
And sooths entranc'd despair to rest,
Her strains so feelingly express
The force of elegant distress
Implanted in a female breast.

V.

Carelessly tripping o'er the green
The sprightly Deshouliere's appears
With winning air and brow serene
Unclouded by the frown of years:

Around

8 O D E I.

Around the Nymph in graceful state
 A thousand smiling Cupids wait,
 And each performs his destin'd part;
 Some give the cheeks a livelier glow,
 Some tune the lyre, some twang the bow
 To pierce the most obdurate heart.

VI.

The plaintive Rowe, whose warbling breath
 Dispers'd the melancholy gloom
 Which at her dear Alexis' death
 O'erhung the sickening vales of Frome,
 To the soft Cyprian lute recites
 The fears, the hopes, the fond delights,
 The tender blandishments of love,
 Their mutual happiness completing,
 Where Innocence and Pleasure meeting
 Have fix'd them in the realms above;

Befide

VII.

Beside them Cytherea stands
In Virtue's snowy garb array'd,
And reunites their social hands
Sever'd by Death's tremendous blade :
The Loves with elegiac verse
Meanwhile adorn the fable hearse
In which their mortal ashes lye,
And in due chaplet Phœbus weaves
The laurel's never-fading leaves,
The guerdon of eternity.

VIII.

Yet not from these romantic shades,
Whene'er I wake the Teian string,
Will I invoke th' harmonious Maids
T' unlock Castalia's vaunted spring :
The sparks of genius thinly spread
Among the cinders of the Dead

B

Let

Let others glean:-----My raptur'd ear
Has caught the soul-enchanting strains,
That on Salopia's happy plains
The bright Sabrina joys to hear.

IX.

She, blameless Nymph, whose piteous doom
Poetic Annalists relate,
Immers'd in Severn's watery tomb
By Guendoline's remorseless hate
O'er the smooth current still presides,
And bids the spring-flow'rs on its fides
Diversify the broider'd green,
Where to the sphere's aerial found
The light Fays trip their antic round
By meditating Shepherds seen:

X.

If worn Tradition's specious tales
In Fiction's gaudy mantle drest
Were wont to celebrate her vales
With Nature's bounteous treasures blest;

Fame

O D E I.

II

Fame hiding more than half her blaze
 Reserv'd to crown these later days
 Her greatest, her most envied pride,
 That while her banks *thy* numbers grace,
 The Goddess sees *thy* fairer face
 Reflected in her glassy tide.

XI.

Ask we on what terrestrial plain
 The Graces condescend to dwell,
 When Thou, the loveliest of their train,
 So aptly strik'st the chorded shell?
 Whether from Bacchus' mighty race,
 Or the dread Thunderer's stol'n embrace
 Euphrosune deriv'd her birth
 Regards not us:-----Our dazzled sight
 Struck with ineffable delight
 Has found her parallel on earth.

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O D E II.

To the DRYADS.

I.

YE Dryads of my grove who tend
With plastic hand each drooping spray,
And o'er yon trunks with wanton bend
Teach the wild woodbine's arms to stray,
In pleasing meditation laid
Where the thick pine's embowering shade
Hangs nodding o'er the lazy stream,
If you my artless songs inspire,
Joyful I catch the chorded lyre
Impatient for the promis'd theme;

Let

II.

And, lo! portray'd in vivid dyes
By Fancy's imitative hand
The visionary forms arise,
And glitter thro' her fairy land:
I from the blended landscape chuse
That labyrinth, where in milder hues
Glow simple Nature's various green;
Can laurell'd Glory's ample field,
Can Wisdom's hermitages yield
A less exceptionable scene?

III.

The slender pink, whose velvet bloom
In tints so delicately pale
Scatters around a rich perfume,
And gladdens all the neighb'ring vale,
Is gather'd by some smiling Maid,
Her loosely flowing hair to braid;

On

On the bleak mountain's lonely side
While the rude yew's unfightly stem
In vain expands it's noxious gem,
And boasts it's disregarded pride.

IV.

While thus, ye Nymphs, beneath your shade
I tune this inoffensive lay,
Perhaps directed by your aid
Thro' Learning's unambitious way
Shall I pursue my purpos'd road
To where in Virtue's calm abode
Unruffled by the stormy tides,
That bursting on the rocks of strife
Assault the foundering bark of life,
The philosophic Muse presides.

V.

Impregnating life's mingled bowl
With sweetest drugs, serenely gay
Ye steal upon the troubled soul.-----
In elder times your gentle sway

Extended

Extended o'er the happy plains
Of Arcady; then pastoral strains
Echoed from every Shepherd's cot,
While o'er the smiling fields He saw
Astræa's self dispensing law,
And blest'd his favorable lot:

VI.

With nobler fire the Poet glow'd,
No interest urg'd his flavish theme,
But, as his careless numbers flow'd,
Enjoy'd the dear enchanting dream;
Oft stretch'd upon the fabled mount,
Whence † Acidalia's tuneful fount
Devolves its waves, intranc'd He lay,
There haply view'd the Cyprian Queen,
Unknown admir'd her easy mein,
And mark'd her negligent array;

† A fountain in Bœotia sacred to Venus, and the Graces.

VII.

And oft (when thron'd in full-orb'd light
Pale Cynthia's gliding chariot seen
Dispell'd the vaulted gloom of night
And glitter'd thro' the blue serene)
While thro' the still and pensive glade
In thoughtful attitude He stray'd
Heedless of midnight's hovering dews,
Beheld your sprightly train advance,
And, as Ye join'd the choral dance,
Recite the lessons of the Muse.

VIII.

Then unsupported Reason's aid
In Athens' venerable grove
To learning's Votaries display'd
The shrine of universal love,
From where the * Swan's ambitious flight
Soaring a more than usual height

* The second book of Mr. Cooper's life of Socrates is adorned with a head-piece representing the Swan flying from the altar of love; and a few pages after, he has very judiciously explained this emblematical description of the genius of Plato.

C

Was

Was seen to cleave the liquid sky,
Emblem of Plato's lofty soul
Expatriating beyond controul
In virtue's purer galaxy.

IX.

But where is Tempe's valley now,
And where that pleasurable scene
Which on aspiring Pindus brow
Once flourish'd in eternal green?
When hostile inroads and th' alarms
Of Macedon's victorious arms
Prevail'd; in that ill-fated hour
Each mead resign'd its blasted pride,
Each laurel shrunk its leaves, and died,
And every Nymph forsook her bower.

X.

In better days tho' oft the throng
Of Satyrs stung with mad desire
By shameful dance, or impious song
Invaded your astonish'd choir:

Tho'

Tho' oft, alas! the ruthless hand
Of War with desolating brand
Has scath'd the foliage of your oaks,
Tho' oft their hoary honours spread
O'er the tall mountain's shelter'd head
Have sunk beneath the Woodman's strokes:

XI.

Tho' in your holy Grotts retir'd
The subtle *Priests with venom'd breath
The thirst of homicide inspir'd,
And wak'd the slumbering coals of death:
To their polluted altars led
Where erst the captive Youth had bled
Victim of hellish cruelty,
Devoted Mona's frantic shade
In vain implor'd your guardian aid
O'erthrown by Roman victory:

* The antient Druids.

XII.

Yet never gave your prefence birth
To murders fell, to battles rude,
To taunting jests, or boisterous mirth
Which on your favorite feats intrude;
Ye haunt not that licentious grove
Where Spenser's desperate Champions rove,
Your chaste ear loves not to be told
Of blatant beasts, of dread Despair
With glaring eyes, with clotted hair,
And brutal chivalries of old.

XIII.

In Avignon's delightful shades,
Where Petrarch fix'd his lowly cell,
Perhaps Ye silver-footed Maids,
By cool Valclufa's ebbing well
Ye deign to tend the rising flowers
And bid the myrtle's shadowy bowers

A more

A more enchanting fragrance shed;
And there the earliest rose is found,
Where on the rude uncultur'd ground
Your Bard reclin'd his sinking head;

XIV.

For there engrav'd upon the rind
Of every plane, and spreading beach
The fond complaints of love Ye find,
Which move beyond the power of speech,
And where He shed the tender tear
O'er his departed Laura's bier,
To sooth her hovering shade Ye bring
The freshest lilies of the vale,
And waft the soft refreshing gale
On welcome Zephyrs balmy wing.

XV.

But, O wherever Ye reside,
If e'er the Muse's piercing eye
Could search the mystic scrolls, which hide
The annals of futurity;

When

When Death shall break the scythe of Time
Triumphant to some happier clime
The Shades of innocence aspire,
Where oft amidst his kindred groves
The Bard's exulting Spirit roves,
And joys to meet your social choir.

XVI.

Yes: They who erst content to rove
Thro' Poesy's sequester'd sphere,
Or wak'd the Cyprian lute of love,
Or bade mild Pity's starting tear
Bedew the couch of Misery, find
With strict morality combin'd
Sweet pleasure's mediating wiles;
There seeking oft the Tuscan bowers
Where Horace pass'd his jocund Hours
E'en philosophic rigor smiles.

T H E E N D.



